

**BOING
BOING**

3 DOLLARS



No 2



Why You Must Subscribe

What kind of life do you want to be living? Do you feel that you might be missing out on the *rea/action*?

Perhaps you're *trapped*, going to an undesirable job every day, one that leaves you feeling drained and unsatisfied by the time you return home. You hardly have enough energy to reach for the TV remote control device to see what kind of trouble the A-Team gets into this time. Bleary eyed, you look about your living room at the wonderful material goods your job has afforded you, but you can't seem to muster any emotional response one way or the other.

Wouldn't you love to just chuck the whole mind-numbing routine into the toilet and start really living life as you only dream it?

But you *can't*. The rent bill is sitting on the counter, a brown coffee cup stain circling the amount that's past due, and your car insurance rates have just been increased as a result of an untimely altercation between your car and a police cruiser. Your credit cards are all topped off and your vacation savings is tapped out. The phone bill is about twice the expected amount, but you're just too damned *tired* to check if the calls listed are legitimate. You know that the payroll department at work

isn't withholding enough of your paycheck for taxes, and come April 15th, you're going to owe several thousand dollars to the IRS. Several thousand dollars that you don't have and won't have. Although you feel numb and fatigued, you know that something is ticking deep inside your psyche, and that when it stops ticking, *something very bad will happen*.

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"But maybe it's a trick", you say. That's right my friend, go right back to sleep. No reason to upset the apple cart now, not after it's been going up and down the same dirt road so many times that the ruts are six inches deep. Throw this magazine away, it's just a cheap joke and it's not going to change a dadgum thing. Where's the remote control device?

BOING-boING

the journal of energized fun

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BOING BOING



number two

winter 1990

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bOING - bOING

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START HERE



It's time to dig around in the bOING-bOING Cornucopia once again and retrieve some toothsome goodies for your neural consumption. Our second issue features many of the same contributors who appeared in our debut issue, plus plenty of new weirdos to jolt your novelty-organ into overload.

Marvelous mind gadgets, both hard and soft, are being produced so fast that the orcs just don't have time react. It's hard enough for the

army-sized staff of faithful Boing-Boing workers to keep up with 1/100th of the amazing fun being invented every day.

If you want to be part of the BB revolution, contribute something; a comic, an article, a story, an interview, a music or book review. We want our readers to participate!

Now, don your bOING-bOING Beanies and tear into this most delightful issue of fun-filled idiocy! ●

bOING-bOING issue No. 2. Winter 1990. Published four times per solar year. PO Box 12311, Boulder, CO 80303 USA. Single copy price \$3.00 domestic, \$5.00 (U.S. funds only) international & beyond. Subscriptions \$10 domestic, \$15 elsewhere. *Unsolicited submissions are welcome, but please enclose a SASE for return of material.* Copyright © 1990 by respective authors. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and institutions in Boing-Boing and anything in the real world is intended (except for satirical purposes) and any alleged similarity is either coincidence, Jungian synchronicity or the result of your own paranoid delusion.



SEDENTARY NERVOUSA: THE OVER-DOMESTI- CATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

by antero alli

I didn't used to hate furniture. Raised in an upper-middle class home on the upside of suburban Los Angeles, we had furniture; lots of it. I remember it well...the big black, cushy fake-fur celebrity couch...the grey-stained oak dining room table-&-chairs set...and those real high sprung-mattress beds with bedboards in all three bedrooms! Yet, here and now, circa 1990, I cannot tolerate living in a house with more than one futon and a chair or two (to type and play piano). By weaning myself of furniture dependency, I'm slowly breaking Furniture Trance...a groggy side-effect of

living with so much for so long. My only hope, in regards to this quandary, is that it feels I am slowly awakening from a long, dreary dull night's sleep...

In some moments, an almost sinister conspiracy pops, oozes and spills out of subconscious waters and onto the planks of my twisted mind. Now...everybody has their favorite **conspiracy** theories...from Rock'n'Roll songs transmitting secret "satanic chants" for destroying young minds to...Extraterrestrials controlling World Banks for saving the planet to...the Pope joining forces with the International Mafia to rule the world. My current favorite is a lot less dramatic than these yet perhaps more insidious by its godawful pervasiveness. It seems



an imperically organized group, which we'll refer to as THE FUTURE FURNITURE BUYERS OF AMERICA (hereafter called the FFBA), has successfully convinced the once-nomadic American people to invest their economic and emotional future into an ongoing plethora of **domestication**...thus, establishing a Terminal Hive Mentality. Every healthy, turbo-hormoned adolescent knows (in their bones and neurons) what this means. It's no wonder so many of "our young" fail to see anything worth saving around them, almost as if their dark cynical gazes sadly hiss, "I'm not impressed...what else can you show me?"

The most dangerous effects of the FFBA can be seen right now in the rapid rise of Domestic Violence...husbands beating wives and children; with some wives even beating up on their men.



Numerous historical philosophers have said that human beings are still a wild barbaric lot and that as a species, we are by no means the end-product of evolutionary design. (Perhaps, at best, we have just passed the starting line.)

Taking this in mind, it's easier to see how the real pressures of domestication place real stress on the **wild beast** in us. For the wilder ones amongst us, it is impossible **not** to rebel. For those who don't know how wild they really are yet, a fuse of undetermined length is lit and seeking powder.

As one of the more solemn epitaphs of mass collectivization, domestic violence is symptomatic of a death to individual integrity. When the wild and sacred mystery of ones innate being is forced, through socialized obligation, to conform to preconditioned need structures labeled "mommy, daddy, husband and wife"...**somebody's bound to get nervous** (a natural enough response to those still living on the wild side). According to our hideous conspiracy theory, this "innocent insecurity" is then **sedated** by the FFBA's strident reassurance for us to acquire **more mass**, (ie., more furniture) to diminish a spontaneous anxiety that just might be a living signal from our threatened autonomy. For observational purposes, this hybrid anxiety (coupling nervousness with the sedative effect of furniture) will be called: ***Sedentary Nervosa***.

No matter how beautiful or expensive the furniture, at the basic level of mass, it comprises more than "things filling up space." The more our attention and emotions, or territorial signals, are invested in the "things" in the space...the

less the **space itself** holds any true value. Victims of sedentary nervosa have been known to develop highly obsessional relationships with material objects (like furniture), reflecting an internal psychological state of **idealizing thoughts** and even mistaking them for the actualities they represent. A distinct confusion accompanies Sedentary Nervosa...

Some individuals displaying extreme symptoms often complain about not being able to "shut off their minds"; some go on about "those damn migraines." So, they buy more furniture to fill up more space. Sadly enough, this is as effective as trying to extinguish a fire with gasoline. Many domesticated American victims convert to Christianity in an attempt to quench their unforgettable fire yet fail to realize that the church, too, is run by the FFBA! Still the conspiracy continues...

Sedentary nervosa can, and often does, lead to a much more fatal disease currently reaching epidemic proportions. We are talking of none other than **Demonic Dogmaitis**...where the inflicted actually kill innocent people by mistaking a word or belief for something other than a word or belief! The most recent (and tragic) effects of Demonic Dogmaitis were seen when Rushdie's book, **THE SATANIC VERSES** was not only banned world-wide but millions of dollars were placed upon its author's death...all because of a few inky scratches on paper! What's worse is that this atrocious

affliction festers in the hearts and minds of people from all races, sexual persuasions, political and economic status...from humble baptist ministers to the Ayatollah Kohemeni to our very own mothers.

There simply is no rest for the wicked.

There may be hope for the faithful, however. Buddhism is pretty smart for a religion. I'm not a Buddhist, in the formal sense, yet very much honor the Void in my own way. Buddhist assessment on the nature of space (inner and outer) is that it's **synonymous with Intelligence**; the more spacial awareness you possess, the more intelligence you show. This is a far cry from the conceptual definitions of intelligence the FFBA would have us believe. Why, millions of Americans still think "intelligence" means "intellect" and as long as they do, they'll keep buying more furniture and over-emphasizing the thoughts in their minds...without a clue as how to use the latter.

Buddhism is a "thinking person's" religion for a reason. Intellectuals seem drawn to it like moths to a flame (perhaps for its interdisci-



plinary vigor and one-pointed devotional practices). It's also no accident that Buddhism is celebrating a much greater following as the 21st Century approaches. People everywhere are starting to look between the lines for clues...between the "things" filling up the space (in their living rooms &/or inside their heads) for that undefinable essence of void that Buddhists call "true nature." Whether they find it in Buddhism or by selling all their furniture, one may continue to ask questions like: "What if the Buddha was right about space? What if space really is intelligence? What then, is a houseful of furniture?!"

Exceedingly high levels of **collective** sedentary nervosa may also be responsible for the deadening of our society's awareness to the natural environment (in general) and our current world ecological crisis (in specific). By conservative estimates, the sedentary nervosa virus first appeared in the USA shortly after World War II and then rapidly escalated into the Fifties disguised as "the American Dream"...with a chicken in every pot, a two-car garage and lots of furniture! Coincidentally enough, people also began reporting sightings of UFO's just after World War II...with increasingly regularity thereafter. (Twilight Zone theme music, please...)


There is an obscure yet compelling interaction between today's environmental emergency and the Extraterrestrial UFO phenomena, insofar as both issues are magne-

tizing almost equal attention at **the same time**. It seems the more aware we grow of our immediate planetary environment, the greater the possibility of seeing beyond our noses to life beyond...whether it be extraterrestrial or, our next-door neighbor. Yet, as long as people continue feeding the hypnotic virus of sedentary nervosa...we may miss out on a signal crucial to our survival. It is crucial when it comes from a source other than our own invention; it concerns our survival when it keeps us **alive**. ●

Antero Alli is the author of ANGEL TECH & other rebellious manifestos. To obtain his katalog of books, tapes & services write him at: Box 45758 Seattle WA 98145 USA.

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from the Preface by ROBERT ANTON WILSON, PhD

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COMIX SPOTLIGHT

EIGHTBALL (No. 1 & 2, \$2.00 + .50 each from Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle WA 98115) Anybody who can lampoon a Jack Chick religious tract comic book and make it funnier than the real McCoy is a genius.

Eightball is chock full o' tasty "hits the spot" art and humor that captures the essence of what it was all about to be a hep cat humorist/artist in the fifties and sixties. Folks like Roger Price, Ken Nordeen, Harvey Kurtzman, Steve Allen, Lenny Bruce, Wm Steig, Gene Deitch and Robert Crumb all come to mind when I read this comic book.

Don't get the impression that *Eightball* is just another anach-

ronistic book of derivative humor and madness. Dan Clowes, creator of this black and white comic book, has a fascinating style of presenting ideas, ideas that will float and bounce around in your cranium for weeks after first crawling in.

The main story in *Eightball* is a continuing series titled "Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron". It's the nightmarish story of a man's journey through both a twisted world and the twisted sulci of his brain. While watching a perversely non-

**Reviewed by the good
doctor**

pornographic movie in a pornographic theater, Clay, the lead character, recognizes his former girlfriend as the leading actress. He stands in a long line to enter the men's room of the theater, where the patrons are waiting to be consulted by a turbanned fortune teller seated upon a commode. The fortune teller gives him the name and address of the film company which produced the movie, and Clay decides to drive out to the town to see if he can find his ex-girlfriend. More weird scenes and situations straight out of a diseased mind are presented matter of factly and Clay grimly accepts them, knowing that he must endure much punishment before he receives the answers to the questions he is asking.

The other stories in Eightball are more humorous, but still retain Clowes' cock-eyed look at the human animal. One of the funniest is Devil Doll, the aforementioned parody of Jack Chick's hideous and unintentionally hilarious Christian Comics (send \$5.00 to CHICK PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 662, Chino CA 91710 for a large grab bag of these hateful tracts.)

The current school of artists who share Clowes' vision (J.D. King, John Holstrom, Drew Friedman, Peter Bagge and Dennis Worden) are exploring ageless questions with instruments created in the fifties and sixties and ninties to come up with something both familiar and novel at the same time. It works for me. •

The Orwell Award

This month's Orwell Award goes to Colorado Representative Chris Paulson for his recent mind-numbing statement:

"There are some areas where free speech can be regulated."

Paulson was referring to a bill he introduced which prohibits an individual from burning a U.S. or Colorado flag in front of a crowd of more than four people. The bill passed unanimously without debate.

The Orwell Award is presented each month to the most outrageous, oxymoron-spouting bureaucrat in America. Send newspaper clippings to Boing-Boing.



GOING GA GA IS

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NEVER UNDER ESTIMATE THE POWER ^{OF} THE SURREALIST MANIFESTO

david b

Fascist Moonbeam gripped his phallic symbol and sprayed the crowd with bullets. One by one they dropped, whimpering like dogs.

He opened his eyes to find himself in an alleyway, smeared with last night's goulash. Staggering to his feet, he was immediately knocked down by a blinding flash of green light. His body shook, and his pants filled with white piss. Standing above him was a humanoid creature, wearing a shirt which read "WHAT'S ALL THIS, THEN?"

"Well?" the creature asked.

"I didn't do it! I swear to God, I didn't do it!"

"Do what? Oh, my dear fellow, that was only a dream."

"But...how do YOU know?"

"For information about Generals, please be more specific."

"What makes you think you know what I'm dreaming?"

"I don't believe all the things in the world to be out deciding which choices are whom, due to the fact

that the character can be lazy and not do anything, can lounge about in hedonic..."

"Wait a minute! I must still be dreaming. Nobody talks like that. Wow, does that mean I'm lucid? Can I start controlling my dream now?" Moonbeam asked, wishing for a change of underwear.

"Isn't there ever anything entirely those from his right hand pocket a by-product of something else?"

"I think you've got a few screws loose, fella!"

"I only recently discovered interest in working on a car, for people's benefit. So there IS choice, and it is your car, so we can make do with existing materials. But actually, this person did not cry original."

"Aw, geez, I'm going back to sleep," Moonbeam said, folding his arms in a stubborn gesture.

"Must everything be working on the car? They are there for you to work!" the creature excitedly salivated, waving his arms in mad gestures. Knowledge and intelli-

gence of the car, and my interest is not one of these things: that one!"

"Wait, I get it! You're the author of this piece!"

"Thinking that they were my invention, the stranger had almost invented these words. I moved closer to him, you, and them in my own way and order, quarters in his hand . . ."

"Hey, get the hell away from me! I'm in control of this dream now, and I'm in control of my own destiny!"

"But . . ."

"Get away, just lemme go back to sleep. I don't need your reality, I just want to spray those goddamn . . ."

"You want to symbolically dominate them with your penis? Are you overcompensating for the small size?"

"You bastard! Don't analyze me, you neo-Freudian faggot! Get out of my sight!"

"As you wish. But first, I feel that it is my duty to inform you that I am your Fairy Godfather. I was sending subliminal signals to inform you that you had three wishes to be granted, but your reception has been dulled by your lack of grace and sensitivity. Without realizing it, you have already used up your three wishes; in fact, you have made four. I will have the graciousness to grant you those four. First, you shall have a change of underwear. Second you will

enter a deep sleep, for the rest of your life, in which you will dream of ungratified orgiastic yearnings distorted into fantasies of violent aggression. Third, I will stop analyzing you, and fourth, I will get out of your sight."

Fascist Moondust gripped his phallic symbol and sprayed the crowd with bullets. One by one, they dropped, whimpering like dogs. ●



**BOING-
BOING is
damn good.**

But we can improve! Contribute to Boing-Boing! If you can write articles, interview interesting people, draw cartoons or illustrations, or perform any other weird feat that can be reproduced with the xerographic process, we are in dire need of your services. And get this: all published contributors earn themselves subscriptions to Boing-Boing!

Don't be square. B².

Sexley's
Believe
It or
Nuts!


by Ace Backwards ©89

HMM... MOST
INTRIGUING...
...YAWS...



INTRODUCTORY
SMUT-101

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHIC MATERIAL
SO IMPORTANT TO MEN ??
LET'S FIND OUT, SHALL WE...




FEMINISTS CLAIM THAT MEN PURCHASE
PORNOGRAPHY BECAUSE THEY'RE "SEXIST"...
THAT "PORNO" IS A SYMPTOM OF A MALE-
DOMINATED POWER STRUCTURE THAT
"EXPLOITS" WOMEN... BUT IS THAT SO ??

KEY WORDS: GIRLS! XXX PORN! SEX IS SEXIST

LOOKING
AT NAKED
WOMEN
IS BAD!!

STAMP
OUT
PORNO!



.... HAVE THEY EVER CONSIDERED THAT
IT'S BASICALLY A MATTER OF BIOLOGY ?
FACT IS, MEN CANNOT HAVE SEX UNLESS
THEY ARE FIRST AROUSED BY THE SIGHT
OF THE WOMAN, WHILE THE WOMAN CAN
HAVE SEX AROUSED OR NOT...

UM... I'LL
BE WITH
YOU IN A
SECOND,
HONEY-
SNOOGUMS!

WAKE ME
WHEN IT'S
OVER...
"YAWN!"



COULD THIS SIMPLE BIOLOGICAL FACT OF
PROCREATION EXPLAIN WHY PHYSICAL
APPEARANCE IS SO MUCH MORE IMPORTANT
TO WOMEN THAN MEN ? PERHAPS SO.

HOW TO
MAINTAIN
YOUR SEXY
PHYSIQUE
SO YOUR MAN
CAN GET A
HARD-ON

COSMO

THE 30-
DAY
SEX SLUT
DIET



SOME FEMINIST ERRONEOUSLY MAINTAIN
THAT FOR THE SEXES TO BE "EQUAL".
THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BEHAVE THE "SAME".
... BUT CONSIDER THE DIFFERENT REACTIONS HERE



THEREFORE, I MAINTAIN THAT OGLING
BUXOM BABES IS NOT "SEXIST" BUT IS, IN
FACT, AN ESSENTIAL ACT IN ASSURING THE
PERPETUATION OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

PERVERT!!

THOUGH, OF
COURSE NOT
EVERYBODY
AGREES WITH
THIS
THEORY!!



TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards ©1989

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION
OF "TELEVISION SHOW" -
THE ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES
OF A MAN WHO WATCHES A
TELEVISION SHOW!!

HUH?



IN TODAY'S INSTALLMENT OUR HERO
COMES TO THE VAGUE REALIZATION THAT
HE'S BEING CONSUMED BY HIS
TELEVISION - THAT IN FACT HE HAS
NO LIFE OF HIS OWN ASIDE FROM THE
LIVES HE EXPERIENCES VICARIOUSLY
ON T.V. !!

OH YEA?
TAKE
THAT!!

CLICK!



ZZZZZ!

WHAT
TH-?!!



FRIGHTENING, ISN'T IT?



FILM REVIEW

steve posner

WARNING! Do not go see the movie "The Wizard"!

Did you ever go see a movie because you thought that a reviewer whose judgment you respect seemed to indicate somehow that it was worth it, only to realize that the "quote" was one of those taken out of context and placed in the ad, and that you should have known better? Well, I just did that. I guess I have to admit that I got suckered by the ads for "The Wizard", and now my intent here is to fashion a review that no advertiser could ever use in any way to sell tickets to this thing. The mission is ever more important when you realize that this whole movie is nothing short of a ninety-minute ad for Nintendo. O.K., Madison Avenue, here are some quotes for ya:

"Absolute, utter bullshit..." - Steve Posner, Boing Boing

"...and all those responsible for this cinematic turd, from the producers to the actors to the key grip, should voluntarily jump off a tall building..." - Steve Posner, Boing Boing

I could go on, and probably will in later issues. The lack of integrity exhibited by this little 12-year-old's fantasy is disturbing. I only hope that no one tells those responsible for this dog how to light their farts, or they'll make a movie about that (and, sadly, it might make them richer yet). The first hook they got into me is that it stars Fred Savage, the engaging little Jay Leno at age 12 clone who stars in the often amusing *The Wonder Years* on television. Then I found out that the story turns on the idea that his disturbed little brother character/idiot savant is supposed to use video games to help himself crawl out of his shell, and for some reason, I thought that sounded like an interesting launching pad for a plot. But it's not a launching pad, it's the whole damn plot! Fred Savage and his little brother leave a broken home to head to California; the brother has it in his limited head that that's where he has to go, so Fred's character rescues him from his special boarding school to help him get there. I honestly believe that anyone could pick at random an eight-year-old off the streets of Ashland, Oregon, and coach him to say "Cheese Log" with more sincerity than this little

idiot (never mind savant) whiningly (supposedly "questingly") breathes "California". Anyway, they meet up with the cute 12-year-old girl/sexual tension inducer (remember now, the target audience is twelve year olds) who realizes that this little kid's talent for video games could make her some money since she knows that there's a big competition scheduled in California. So they hook up, and proceed to teach kids the following:

- 1) It is a good idea to run away from home and hitchhike across country, since most people are friendly and if they're not, they're dopey.
- 2) When down to your last ten bucks, go gambling. You will then

have lots more money, no problem.

3) The good folks at Nintendo Corporation offer free and very valuable technical support for their games, so you can get real good and win thousands of dollars.

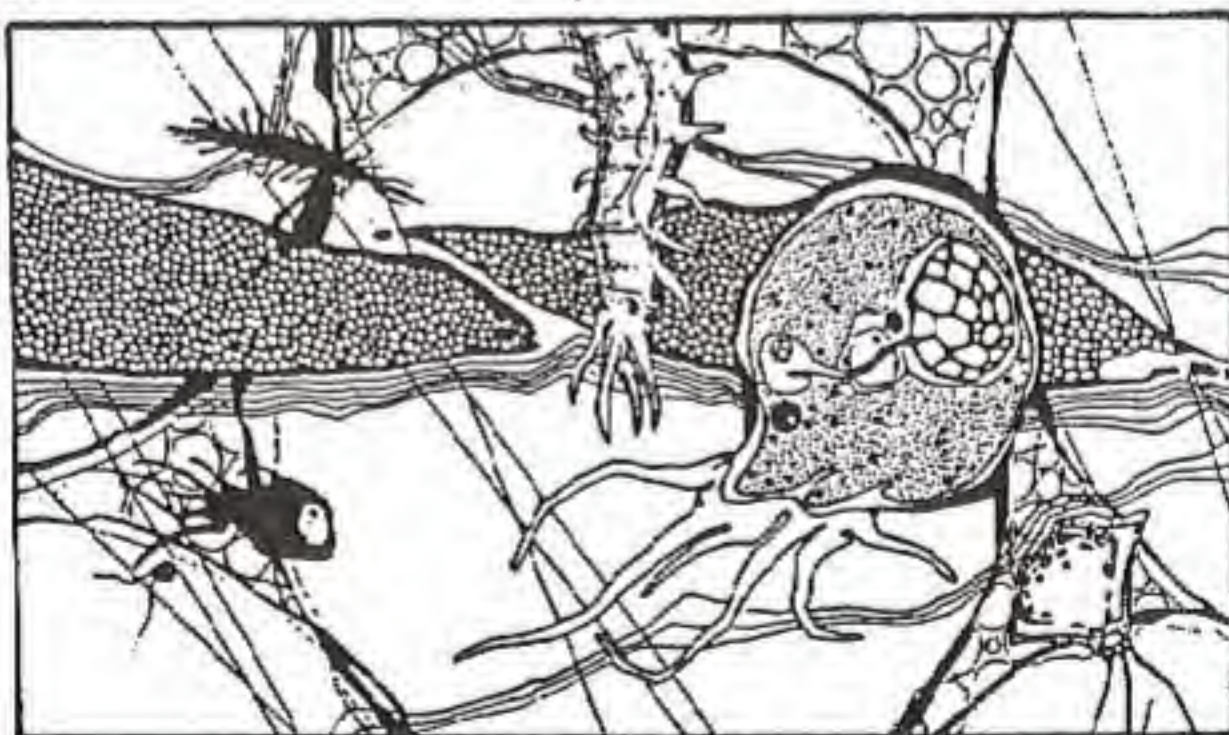
4) Nintendo games can fix broken interpersonal relationships and mend broken spirits. Tell your mom and dad!

And on and on.

Well, I see my mission has failed. The advertisers can piece together quite a glowing endorsement from what I've provided here. I will end with one more statement: If murder were merely immoral (and not also illegal), I might consider committing it. This movie is that irritating. •

a cyber book from the audacious authors of
ANGEL TECH and *UNDOING YOURSELF*
PREGNANT UNIVERSE

by Antero Alli & C.S.Hyatt, PhD



Presented in hard-hitting cartoon style, this outrageous device for intentional brain change makes us laugh as it shows us how to excite creative emergency states by the making and breaking of word-trance. **Fast & Explosive!**

Signed copies: \$11. to Antero Alli, Box 45758 Seattle WA 98145

GRAHAM CRACKERS FOR MY BRAIN

carla frauenfelder

Life used to be so easy.

After school my friends and I would open up a box of Twinkies, grab some pop, and plop down in front of the tube to watch Looney Tunes. But then the Granola days hit. Twinkies were replaced with Carob Clusters and barbecued burgers were exchanged for tofu dogs - sorry substitutes.

Then the eighties came along and took what was left of the good ol' days. My friends were no longer heading for the couch, but made a bee line to the gym instead. So once again my comfortable habits were shattered. But all for a better me I suppose.

Now that I'm finally beginning to enjoy my brown rice cookies and painful hours at the gym, yet another self-help trend has hit and once again I'm getting sucked into it.

Brain machines. Sounds so technical, like something out of a sci-fi picture. Michael Hutchinson said at the closing of his book **Megabrain: New Tools and Techniques For Brain Growth and Mind Expansion**, "The logical next step after physical fitness is mental fitness. The mind machines can be seen as the brain-training counterparts to the sleek Nautilus machines..." Written in the mid-seventies, not many people

took his forecast as much more than a fanciful look into the future. But the future is already here.

Brain spas are popping up all over, from New York to Australia, with one of the largest centers, Brain Mind Gym, located in Tokyo. Yosuke Morimoto, owner of Brain Mind Gym, has signed up over 2,500 members, and expects to close his membership at 5,000. Neurotechnologies Research Institute in San Francisco is another mega brain fitness center, which conducts research on every brain-stimulating gadget that has shown signs of enhancing brain functioning.

When I first heard about brain machines I was interested in their effects on the mind and body. Supposedly they produced better focus and concentration, decreased anxiety and tension, and guided one's mind to a deepened state of relaxation. But the thought of using weird unconventional machines to get me there made trekking in Nepal sound a lot safer. It wasn't until a brain salon opened up in my neighborhood that my curiosity got the better of me.

Upon entering the Bodymind Connection in Boulder, Colorado, I was greeted by co-owner Carrie Tarran. When I asked her what to expect from these machines she told me that the first time I used it I'd feel a euphoric because of endorphin production, and that the worse I felt, the more I'd see a change. Sounded pretty good to me. I like lots of endorphins. So I decided to

continued on page 40



Mongo Boy is a megalomaniac. He has a large hammer he calls "Mr. Mallet" which he will use to smash anybody who blocks his path to universal stardom. Charlie Brown is blocking Mongo Boy's path. Mongo Boy hates Charlie Brown.

It's all here in this minicomic, the first issue of a continuing series created by Mark Edward Brooks. Mongo boy deals with a heckling narrator, an entertainment lawyer and Beelzebub Himself (posing as an

innocent bunny rabbit).

The art in Mongo Boy and Mr Mallet approaches that of comic strip master Ernie Bushmiller's, who was able to boil images down to their essential archetypes and create the iconographic universe of *Nancy*. Brooks' artwork grabs you by the stem of your brain.

Mongo Boy belongs in Topps Chewing gum. He would kick Bazooka Joe's ass and gum sales would skyrocket.

Mongo Boy can be sent to you postpaid for just fifty cents (US), or seventy-five cents (Foreign). MONGO BOY PRESS, PO BOX 17863, Denver, CO 80217. •

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Our research department personnel have been working like crazed womabats in their endless quest to find reading material suitable for the discriminating BB audience. They've come across quite a few busy bipeds out there who are willing to sell you a hard copy of their nervous system for just a few government issue wampum-notes. If BB isn't enough to keep you going every three months, then get busy on these rags:



SHRED (\$18 for 12 issues, PO Box 3802, Escondido, CA 92025-9569) This magazine was born when a surfer from Virginia Beach was abducted by Dogonbots from the Sirius system. (The Dogonbots

are a race of intelligent self-replicating machines which evolved after an intergalactic pirate vessel carrying canisters of canine DNA and ayahuasca crashed on the planet Dogon, thus setting up the conditions necessary for life to spontaneously generate.)

The Dogonbots took the surfer to their home planet, where he was examined by their scientists. A physiologist took a liking to the surfer and initiated him into the Knights of Sirius, (an occult sect professing arcanine secrets which we have sworn not to reveal) and then sent him back to Terra. He immediately went home and wrote the SHRED manifesto on the back of his surfboard. He found a big-time publisher to help him send SHRED throughout the world, and the rest is history*.

Boing-Boing readers might enjoy SHRED for its interviews and articles about comic book artists Charles Burns, Robert Williams and Rick Griffin, and demento genius artist Stanislaw Szulkalski. SHRED also features monthly articles on cults, Fortean phenomena, UFO sightings, cattle mutilation and fringe science.

The entire magazine has been laced with a heavy dose of the surf and skate gestalt.

With each issue, Shred becomes a tighter, better read.



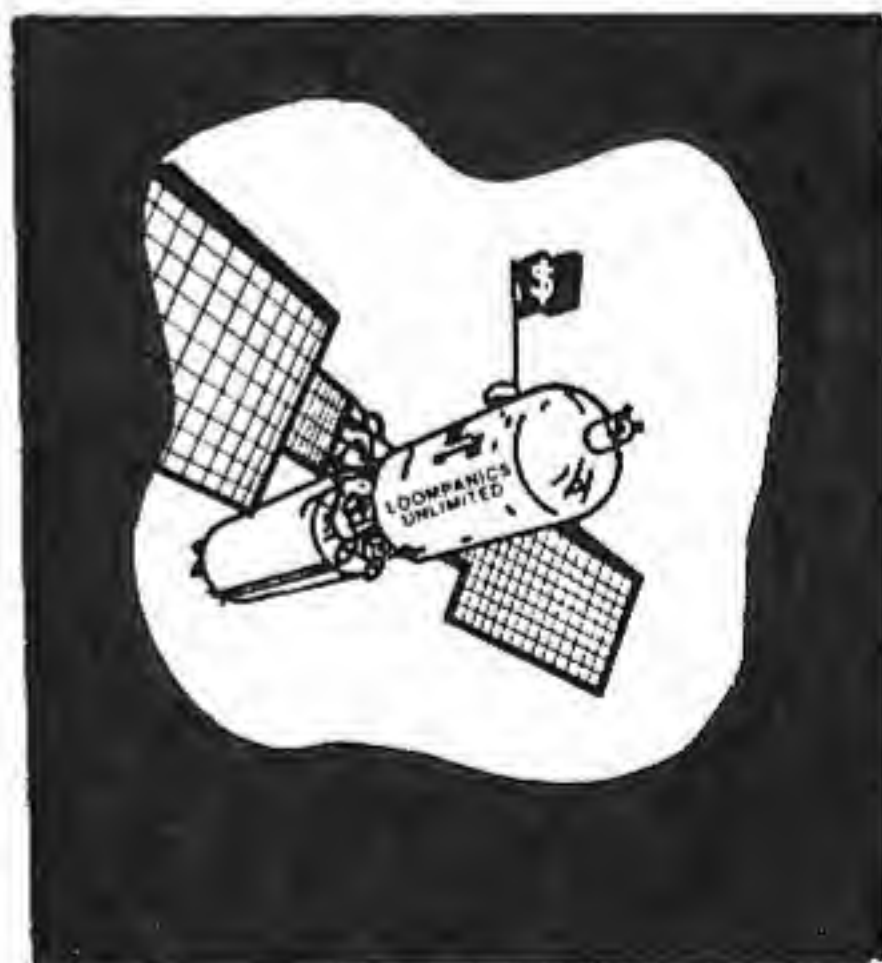
Whole Earth Review (\$20 for four issues, 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito CA 94965) This is not a hippie magazine dedicated to neo-Luddite theories or new age issues or ways to go backwards. Rather, WER is an "access to the tools and ideas" dealing with high-technology, sociology, medicine, housing, etc which define the future.

WER comes out four times a year as an attractive 150-page zine costing \$5. There are no ads (except for two pages of very interesting classifieds). Each issue focuses on a central topic, which establishes a springboard for (rather than limiting) the rest of the issue. Recent issues have dealt with information viruses, intelligence drugs, rain forest maintenance, the Church of the Sub-

Genius, Cyberpunk, virtual realities and counterespionage tools.

The editors of WER are jack-of-all-trades types who love nothing more than investigating alternate solutions to universal problems. Although most are rabid neophiles, they don't fall in love with an idea simply because it is new; the idea must be new and have the potential to be useful and better under some conditions than previous methods.

In addition, each issue contains a delightful plethora of book, magazine and gadget reviews, with excerpts and anecdotes from contributor-readers. WER is a hands-on magazine, With plenty of photos, graphics and instructions. With a do-it-yourself attitude that I find motivating and infectious, the WER is one of the best things I can hope to find sitting in my mailbox.



Loompanics Unlimited (\$2 for main catalog, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend WA 98368) If Walden or

Crown books ain't exactly your idea of literary pleasure, Loompanics might be for you.

Would you like to change your identity, make yourself invisible from the IRS & other reptilian cults, learn how to smuggle contraband for profit and adventure, change emic reality, manufacture entheogens at home, pick locks, write porn novels, learn how to become a body-guard, discover the world of pyrotechnics, or get revenge? If so, then send in your \$2 for your 180 page catalog of the "world's most unusual books."

Typical titles include "The Social Construction of Reality", "Might is Right", "The Myth of Natural Rights", "The Abolition of Work", "How to Cheat on College Exams and Get Away With It", "How to Rip Off a Drug Dealer", "Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture", "Beyond the Helix; DNA and the Quest for Longevity", "The Complete Manual of Pirate Radio", "How to Start Your Own Country", "How to Kill, a six volume set", "Kitchen Improvised Fertilizer Explosives", "The Hackers Handbook", "The Outlaw's Bible", "Mind Control in the United States", "The Boo-Hoo Bible" and "Principia Discordia".

Even the most open-minded libertarian will find something here to shock or offend her. This is the kind of book that makes the lizards start talking about stuffing the Bill of Rights in the paper shredder.

If you are a progressive thinker,

this catalog and the books for sale within will open even more circuits in your nervous system; if you're close-minded, it'll burn out what few circuits you do possess and will send you running to the mailbox with a letter to your congressman.

I've ordered several books through Loompanics (including Robert Anton Wilson's "Natural Law, or Don't Put a Rubber on Your Willy, and Mike Gunderloy's "How to Publish a Fanzine".) and the service has always been great. With each order, they will throw in a new main catalog, and a seasonal supplement. Both contains new book listings as well as fascinating articles on a variety of libertarian-oriented subjects. I wonder if your name goes on a government list when you order from Loompanics? If you have a P.O. Box number or a remailing address, I suggest you use it when you order from Loompanics.

BLAB! (*issues 2-4 are available for \$8.95 each postpaid from Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Road, Princeton WI 54968*) Published semi-annually, BLAB! is a beautifully produced digest-sized journal. Created by Monte Beauchamp, BLAB! is dedicated to the weird and wacky world of comix. Not reviews of superhero funnybooks, but interviews, comix and articles by and about contemporary artists who grew up on a steady diet of E.C. Sci-Fi, Harvey Kurtzman's MAD, Early ZAP, Russ Meyer's films and other popular underground trash culture icons

from the fifties and sixties.

This is where all the artists who are creating worthwhile comix (Drew Friedman, Dan Clowes, Peter Bagge, Robert Crumb, Charles Burns, to name a few) get together to write about their early influences and what they think about their peers. Issue #4 has an interview with Mark Newgarden (the creator of the GARBAGE PAIL KIDS), an interview with Dan Clowes (whose quirky EIGHTBALL comic book is an essential read for every hep mutant this side of the galaxy), a special BLAB! dating service section, and an article comparing comix with comics.

BLAB! may have never happened, or would certainly be very different, if it weren't for Basil Wolverton, ugly artist supreme, whose drawings of hideous slobbering mutants graced the pages of the early MAD comic books of the fifties. Wolverton's painstakingly-drawn photosurrealistic images exemplify the inner core of this pop-trash subculture. ●



A page from BLAB! 4

FUN STUFF!

Innocent Until Proven Guilty

The Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations statute of 1984 allows the government to seize the assets of a person (presumed by law to be *innocent*) who has been arrested on a federal drug or obscenity charge. If the case is taken to higher court, those assets may be auctioned off by the government, so that even if the conviction is overturned, the innocent person will have lost all of her assets.

What is Work?

"What is work? Work is of two kinds: first, altering the position of matter at or near the earth's surface relatively to other such matter; second, telling other people to do so. The first kind is unpleasant and ill paid, the second is pleasant and highly paid. The second kind is capable of indefinite extension: there are not only those who give orders, but there are those who give advice as to what orders should be given. Usually two opposite kinds of advice are given simultaneously by two organized bodies of men; this is called politics."

-- Bertrand Russell, *In Praise of Idleness*

Because God Told Me So

"Drug use, we say, is wrong. There are lots of other things that are wrong, such as money laundering and crime and violence in the inner city, but drug use itself is wrong"

"Legalizing drugs is such a dumb idea only intellectuals believe it."

- William Bennett, unintellectual nicotine addict

BOING BOING NEATO PEOPLE: (CAPPY HUBBARD



featured neither moving parts nor batteries but could power a light bulb for several days. He took skeptical journalists for a ride on an electric motor boat powered with his generator. "Cappy" and his invention became locally famous and he went to Washington to get it patented. He sold 50% of the rights to the Radium Chemical Company of Pittsburgh and from that date forward, nothing further was heard of the Atmospheric Energy Generator.

Throughout his life, Cappy was to wear many hats. (Although his nickname was short for "Captain.") In the days of prohibition, he used a fleet of charterboats to deliver bootlegged whiskey and sold radar devices of his own invention to other rum runners. He was eventually arrested and sent to prison. During WW II, he was a member of the OSS and engaged

In December 1902 Alfred Hubbard was born to a penniless couple in Kentucky. He soon demonstrated that he would not remain poverty stricken. At age 17 he unveiled his "Atmospheric Energy Generator" which could be held in the palm of the hand. It

in highly illegal weapons smuggling from the U.S. up through Canada to England, a year and a half before America had officially entered the war. When he became the president of a uranium cor-



poration, the big bucks really started rolling in. He had a Rolls Royce, his own plane and a private island off Vancouver.

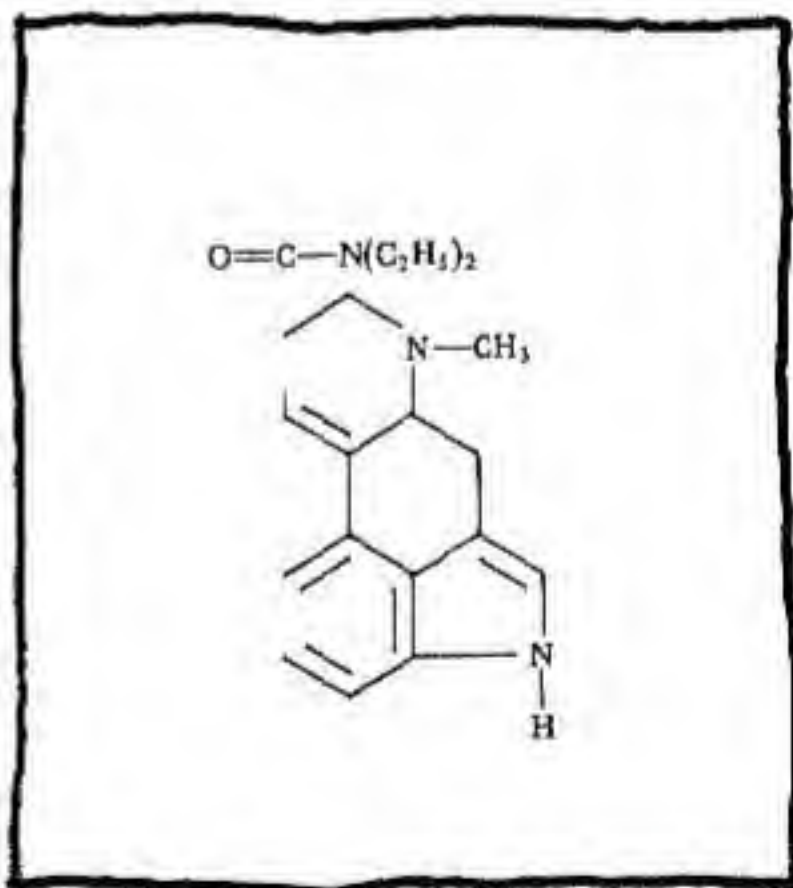
Then someone gave Cappy some LSD. It was the greatest thing he had ever tried in his life. He liked it so much that he bought 6000 bottles of the stuff, at a cost over \$200,000 (his figure), and claimed to have the largest stockpile of LSD on the planet. Flying across the country in his plane and his leather pouched filled with Sandoz LSD-25, he became Johnny Psychedelicseed: he was a guide for Aldous Huxley's first acid session, he supplied drugs to Timothy Leary at Harvard and he kept the L.A. jet set enlightened

Hubbard saw therapeutic value in LSD, and established alcoholism treatment centers at three major Canadian hospitals. In a 1961

issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcoholism*, Hubbard co-wrote an article which cited a 50% recovery rate for the alcoholics who underwent LSD therapy at Weyburn Hospital.

Cappy said his mission was to affect the thinking of the political leadership of North America, and that he had turned on a prime minister, assistants to heads of state, United Nation representatives, and members of the British parliament.

So many people were receiving Cappy's guidance and LSD, that U.S. medical officers began stomping their feet and complained that he was not licensed to practise medicine. Hubbard retorted by purchasing a doctor's degree from a mail-order college in Kentucky.



Hubbard, a crew cut, burly, good ole boy, had connections all over, from the Mafia (he was the head of security at the Tropicana when it was mob-run), to the CIA (J.

Edgar Hoover was one of his best friends), to Ronald Reagan, who sent him yearly birthday cards and to Aldous Huxley, who admired Cappy for the power and prestige he commanded in government and big business circles.

His knowledge of intelligence operations landed him a job at the Stanford Research Center, where he became a security officer and special investigative agent. This is where he began wearing his trademark pistol and bullet-studded belt.

Clandestine LSD manufacturers pissed Cappy off to no end. He was appointed a special agent of the FDA and took delight in raiding underground labs. He was always sure to confiscate a sizable sample of the illegally made LSD for comparison purposes.

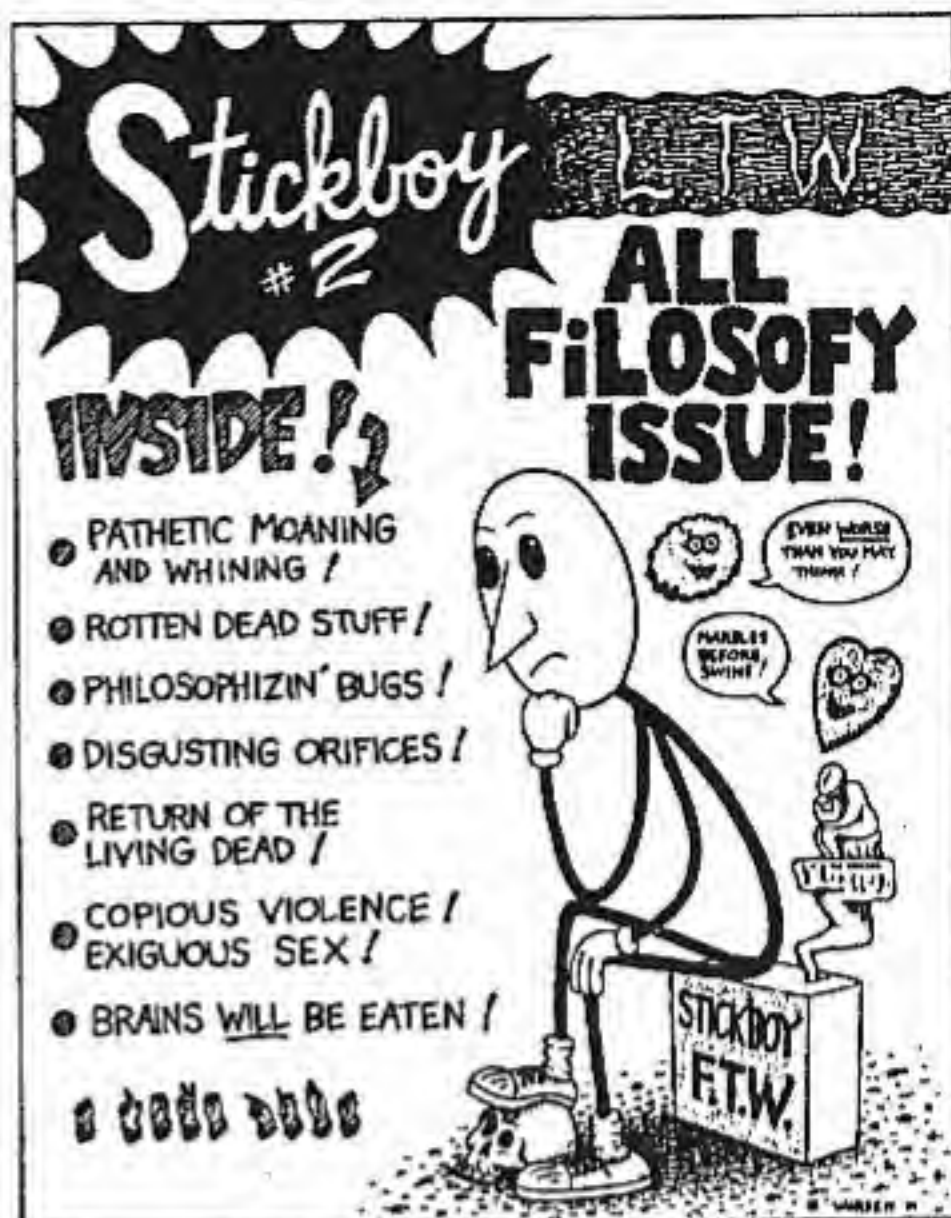
Cappy made his last big appearance in February of 1979, at an LSD reunion attended by remaining pioneers of the first psychedelic scene. He died three years later.

To those who scoffed Cappy and his evangelical praise of the LSD experience, he told them: "If you don't think it's amazing, all I've got to say is go ahead and try it! •

Bibilography:

Lee, Martin A. and Shlain, Bruce. *Acid Dreams: The CIA, LSD and the Sixties Rebellion*. New York: Grove Press, 1985.

Stevens, Jay. *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*. New York: Harper & Row, 1987.



Stickboy exists in a sort of Everett-Wheeler universe in which alternate Stickboys, one with a round head, one with block head and one with a marshmallow head walk around asking various unanswerable questions from various philosophical platforms to various creatures and critters. And because unanswerable questions are the most fun, Stickboy is a hilarious and wanton wallow through the mind.

Comics books are one of the finest mediums in which to stage philosophic dialogues. Reality becomes bare symbols, like a form of mathematics.

I suspect that the attitudes and ideas of the characters in Stickboy represent those of Worden's as they vary from day to day. This isn't to say that Worden is wishy-washy or namby-pamby, but rather curious and open to new ideas. Sometimes it seems that the more you learn and think about an issue or an idea, the more difficult it becomes to be "for it" or "against it." You begin to see many sides to an idea, no matter how simple it first seemed to be. Stickboy shows that Worden has examined his own head for a long time and has decided that most everything in it is absurd. If you have a couple of unwanted dogmas adhering to your brain, try reading Stickboy; it just might pry them loose long enough for you to get rid of them. Stickboy is available at your favorite trash culture outlet, or direct from the publisher. (Pantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle WA 98115) The price is \$2.50 per issue (1 - 3 are available). Please enclose .50 for postage. •



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Paul Di Filippo is the author of over 35 published science fiction stories, including Kid Charlemagne, which was nominated for a Nebula Award, and Instability, written with Rudy Rucker

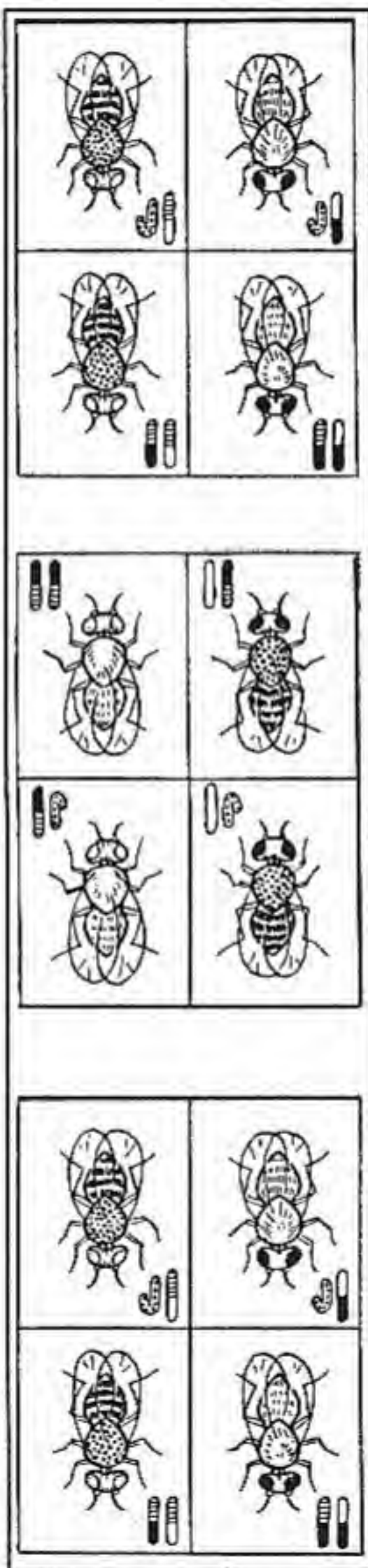
Why Ribo?

Cybernetics was a dead science when cyberpunk SF was born, a cul-de-sac without living practitioners. Furthermore, the "cyber" prefix has been irreparably debased by overuse, in vehicles ranging from comix to bad movies. The tag now stands for nothing in the public mind but computer hacking and fanciful cyborgs such as Robocop. And Wiener's actual texts do not provide enough fruitful metaphors for constructing a systematic worldview.

Why Funk?

Punk was a dead music when cyberpunk SF was born, a cul-de-sac albeit with living practitioners who just hadn't gotten the message yet. The music's nihilistic, chiliastic worldview

RIBO-FUNK



paul di filippo

had already culminated in its only possible end: self-extinction.

What is Ribofunk then?

Ribofunk is speculative fiction which acknowledges, is informed by and illustrates the tenet that the next revolution--the only one that really matters--will be in the field of biology. To paraphrase Pope, ribofunk holds that: "The proper study of mankind is life." Forget physics and chemistry; they are only tools to probe living matter. Computers? Merely simulators and modelers for life. The cell is king. Consider the following:

Portents

AIDS is causing an intensive and unprecedented investigation of cellular mechanics which is bound to have myriad by-products.

The mapping of the human genome is already underway.

Legal obstacles to copyrighting living

animals and organic substances are falling daily.

The ecological nightmare unfolding around us--greenhouse effect, oil spills, toxic wastes--can only be solved by biological means. You cannot replace a rain forest with an oxygen-manufacturing factory. You cannot mop up spilled hydrocarbons and PCBs, but you can degrade them organically.

Humans are greedy for life-extension. Any promising developments in this direction will soon snowball.

One of the prime purposes of nanotechnology is bodily repairs, augmentations and modifications.

There are over a hundred naturally occurring neurotransmitters, and we only have a rudimentary idea of what a few of them do.

Where does the funk come in? In the style. Ribofunk must be as sensual as sex, as unsparing in sweat, cum, bile and lymph as the body is prolific in these substances. Moreover, it must possess the same blind imperatives as the body. Crushed and crippled, the body persists, while many times the mind succumbs. We have gone as far as intellectuality can take us. We need a fiction as urgent as hunger or a hard-on. Hot, not cool.

Precursors

Like every kind of SF, ribofunk

can be traced back to Wells, specifically *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. From there we follow it through Huxley's *The Tissue Culture King*, onward through some of David H. Keller's stories, into Knights biological SF (*Natural State*), and perhaps Pohl & Kornbluth's *Gravy Planet* (chicken tissue culture). From there it's a leap to the novels of T.J. Bass and Varley. Finally, a temporary culmination in Bear's *Blood Music* and Sterling's *Schismatrix*.

This is the barest outline. Once exposed, the vein gleams brightly. Our goal must be to smelt and refine the crude ore, to craft a speculative fiction which does not pretend that homo sapiens will even still look the same fifty years from now on, never mind several centuries from now on. We must be as widespread as ubiquitin, forging a philosophy that ties all

Ribofunk is speculative fiction which acknowledges that the next revolution will be in the field of biology

organisms from yeast to man into a renewed great chain of being.

Slogans

What good is a movement without a slogan? Here are a few.

DNA to others as you would have

them DNA unto you.

Anatomy is destiny--but anatomy is malleable.

Gregor Mendel died for your sins.

Redraw your MAP2.

Put a crick in your dick.

Strobe your lobes.

Hollow? Swallow. Follow.

Boot it or shoot it.

Sin, asp! said the synapse.

Match it, batch it, latch it.

Beat the barrier.

Snap the gap.

Keep your receptors filled.

Axe your axons. ●

MINI STORIES by STEVE POSNER

1. He was utterly obtuse. He thought the guy on the 7-11 commercial was a "real" comedian and was funny. He ran for Calif. state senate in Kern County, and won.

2. "No two of 'em ever alike," barked the tour guide. As the sentence escaped his throat, a smaller stalactite came crashing down on his head, killing him slowly. It took him 80 years to die.

3. Few people, using ordinary words, could describe what Ellis felt at that moment, and he certainly wasn't one of them. He used, instead, special words, but they still failed to convey adequately the nature of his disappointment upon learning of his rejection at the hands of Shella Pocklington, niece of the man who traded Wayne Gretzky.

RIBOFUNK IS A CELL-OUT!

Readers of Boing-Boing are invited to submit entries for the **Ribofunk fiction contest**. Please try to keep them under 5000 words (and since you're all information adepts, we hope that we'll receive most stories on ASCII format MS-Dos floppies). The winner gets a one-year subscription to BB, and a *secret prize*.

Entries are due no later than 1 JULY 1990. Sorry, submissions cannot be returned without an SASE.

Send Entries to BOING-BOING, PO Box 12311, Boulder CO 80303

RUDY RUCKER'S CALAB



Rudy Rucker's *CA Lab*

(From Autodesk, Inc., 2320 Marinship Way, Sausalito CA 94965) lets you be God in $10^{157,826}$ possible universes. You can create life forms and environments that nobody has ever seen before. You can tune into quadrillions of unique dynamic kaleidoscopic mandalas and go into a trance at three a.m. in front of your computer screen.

Back in the old days, folks interested in CA would have to pull out the checkerboard and that old beat up copy of Scientific American and play the game described within called *LIFE*. Created by John Horton Conway, a math professor at Cambridge, *LIFE* is a self-running game which operates under deceptively simple rules.

LIFE is played on a checkerboard (preferably of infinite length and width) and with some checkers (a countless supply is best). Each square on the checkerboard is a "cell" and a cell can either be "living" or "dead". Each cell has eight neighboring cells (the four

adjacent sides and the four corners). The game is played in steps. The rules for life or death are as follows:

- 1) *If a dead cell has three living neighbors, it will come to life on the next step.*
- 2) *If a living cell has more than three living neighbors it will die on the next step.*
- 3) *If a living cell has two or three living neighbors, it will remain living.*

Think of the rules being applied to a hypothetical bacteria culture in a petri dish. Bacteria are the happiest and the most prolific in small clusters, but will die if lonely or overcrowded.

The fun part of the game is in seeding the checkerboard with a few different simple patterns of checkers and then sitting back to see what kind of dynamic structure develops. *LIFE* aficionados have discovered many curious and charming creatures that develop out of a random distribution of

checkers, and have given them names such as *gliders*, *glider guns*, *escorts*, *barbers*, *pulsars* and *mughniks*. If you have a checkerboard or a go board and a bunch of draughts, you can try it out for yourself. A much easier way to do it is by using Rudy Rucker's *CA Lab*.

Comparing the original game of *LIFE* to *CA Lab* is somewhat akin to comparing a family vacation slide show to an *IMAX* movie. *CA Lab* is a virtually infinite novelty engine.

Rudy Rucker, associate professor of computer science, *Autodesk's* official Mathnaut, author of four math books and eight science fiction novels, has created an interactive lava lamp called *CA LAB*. Also included with Rucker's program is one developed by John Walker (founder of *Autodesk*) which uses true graphics (it looks pretty, but is slow in comparison to Rucker's character-graphics based program).

Upon loading *CA Lab*, the screen jumps to life in the form of a bubbling, swirling mass of color, an example of what Rucker calls the RUG rule. This is Rudy Rucker's program. Serpentine chains of blacks, yellows and blues thrash against each other, while meandering oil-slick pools of red, magenta, and green dance across the screen, passing through other entities and mutating into other weird shapes. I find that patterns are easier to recognize and things look meshed bet-

ter when I intentionally blur my eyes a little.

The real fun comes in when you start fiddling with the keyboard. You can call up blocks of black, white, or random colors and move them around the screen in order to agitate the cells. Both Rucker and Walker have included a hands-on walk through for their respective programs in the 264 page manual, as well as the mathematics behind the cellular automata rules.

John Walker's program, *CA.EXE* is a cellular automata generator with a 320 x 200 display grid. Viewed with a VGA monitor, some of the fractal patterns generated are stupendous. Rug-makers and graphic artists can use this program for design ideas.

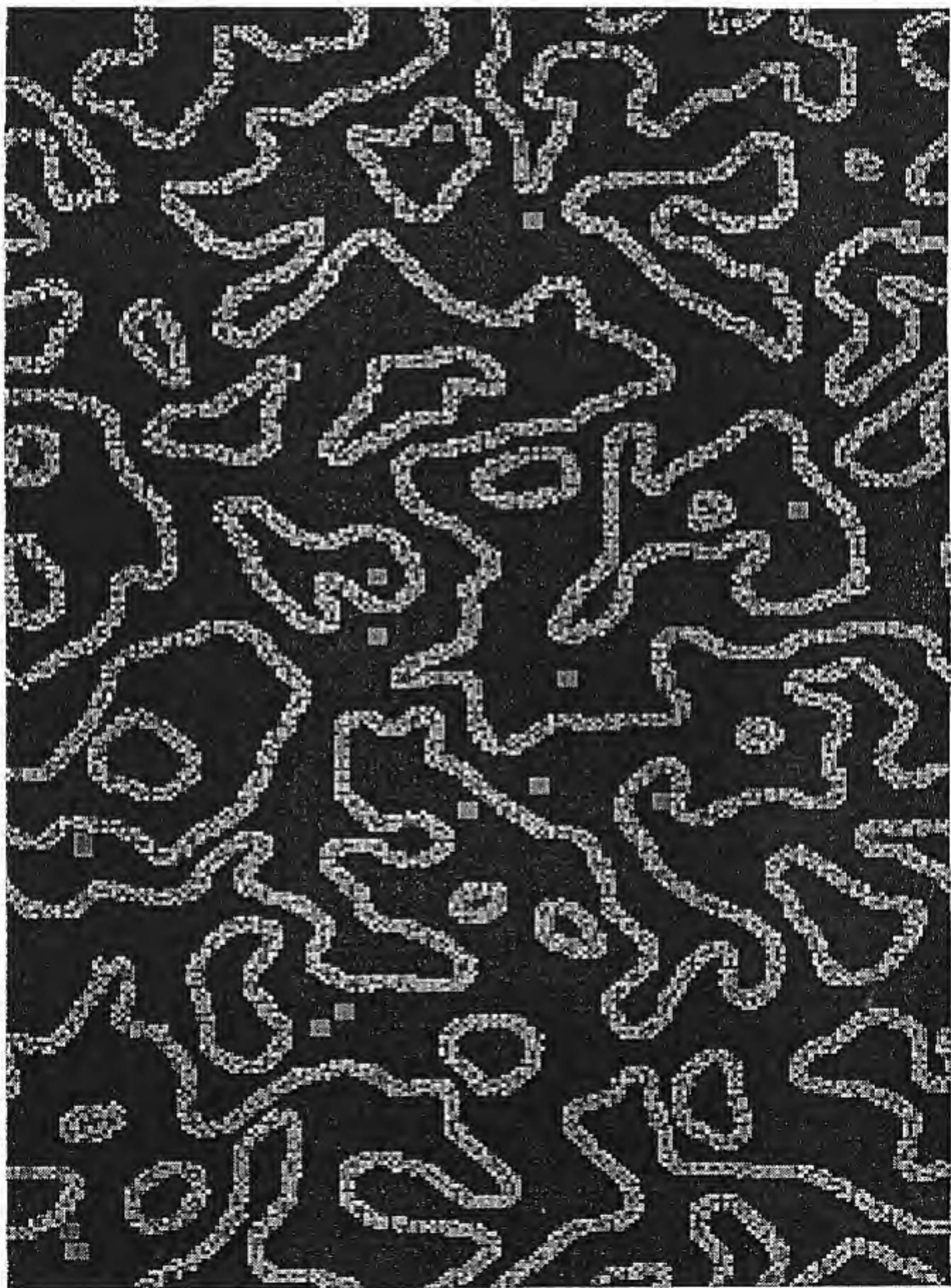
With Walker's program, you load a pattern (either one provided, such as a picture of Timothy Leary, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the *Autodesk* logo, or you can import one of your own graphics) and then apply a rule to it. The pattern will melt, crystalize, dissipate or warp depending on the type of rule you use.

So it looks pretty, but what good is it? For those tight-buttocked individuals who can't enjoy anything unless it has a real "purpose", cellular automata might seem to be a waste of time, and they will quickly abandon the program. Boingers will instantly latch on to *CA* and start pushing buttons. The metaphorical gist of *CA* is obvious: it's a simulation of fundamental patterns occurring in nature. Already, *CA* applications are aris-

ing in the fields of computer graphics, biology, chemistry, physics and computer science. This list is by no means complete. CA is relatively new, and undiscovered

uses for it are sure to be coming just around the corner. Will you be one of the hero's of the impending CA revolution? ●

Below, an image generated using Rudy Rucker's CA LAB



Rudy Rucker + John Waller (800) 525-2763 PostScript Image from CALAB Vote DNA

BEETLEBROW



a story by mark frauenfelder

The man sitting next to me on the plane was busy licking the palm of his hand. Periodically, he would sniff it, closing his eyes, rocking back and forth in his seat. I felt trapped in the window seat, trying to shut out the thought that I could smell the sour saliva on his hand.

He was a small fellow. Bushy black hair came down so far on his low forehead that it almost met his eyebrows. Beetlebrow.

After about five minutes of lick-sniff, lick-sniff, Beetlebrow crouched over to retrieve something from under the seat in front of him. His movement was jerky, like one of those little tiny pet store birds that you can never get a bead on. I watched intently from the corner of my eye. After much crinkling and scraping noise, Beetlebrow produced a large brown paper bag, worn to the point of fuzziness. He screwed his face all up and stuck his tongue out as he reached into the bag and dug around. He pulled out a ball of yarn, frowned at it, and threw it

back in the bag forcibly, muttering something I couldn't make out. He reached in again, fumbling, and pulled out a dented tin can with no label. He studied it for a moment, chuckled, and gingerly placed it back into the bag. On his third attempt, he came up with a rec-



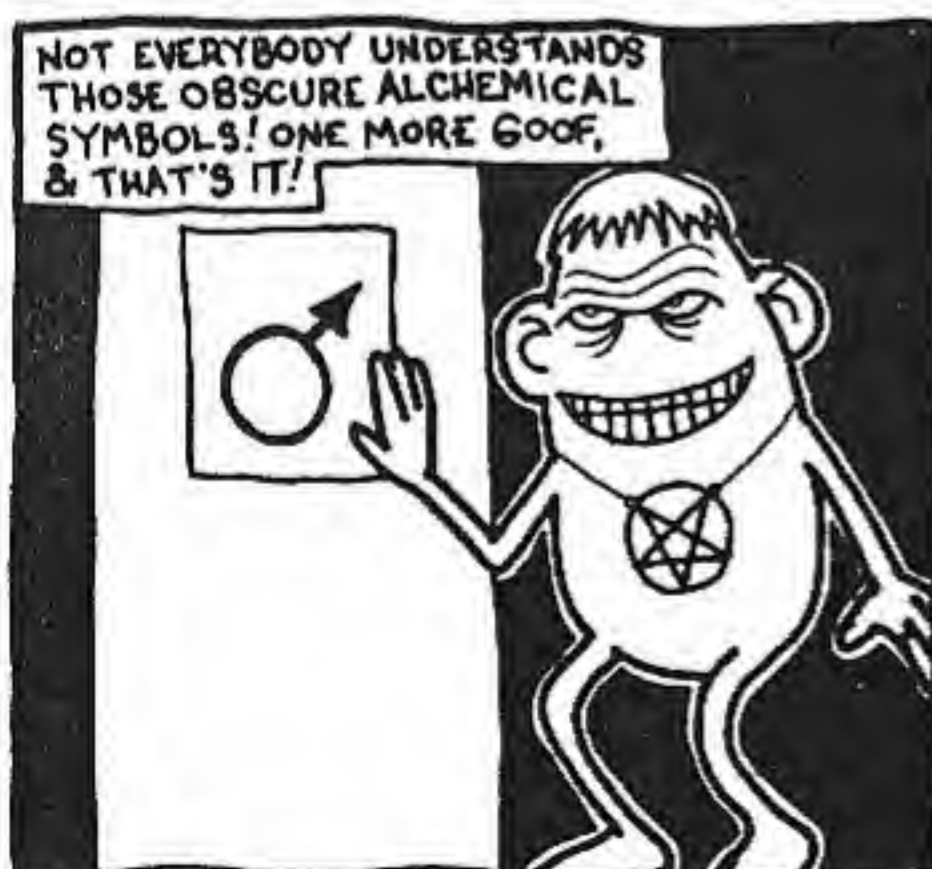
tangular shaped package wrapped in tissue. This he sniffed, and then unwrapped. It was a thick wad of money, and a hundred dollar bill lay on top.

He peeled the top bill from the stack and folded it into a tightly packed little ball. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a fat red rubber band. Making a slingshot with his fingers, he put the wadded-up hundred dollar bill into the fold of the rubber band, stretched it back, and sent it flying over the heads of the other passengers. It shot about ten feet, ricocheted off

continued on page 35

THE SIGNMAKER

©1989 MARK FRAULNFELDER





acoustic brain research

review by mark frauenfelder



ound has been effectively used for thousands of years to cause profound changes in mammalian consciousness. Ancient humans might have learned about the tribal bonding power of chanting from listening to wolf packs howl at the full moon. Later, people refined the practice using both voice and instruments- Gregorian chanting, Tibetan bowls, percussion instruments with trance dancing, mantra meditation and conventional music.

Even a high school football coach's half-time pep-talk could be considered the use of sound to change the consciousness of human beings. The content of her pep talk is not important. It's the sound and the fury of her speech

that pumps up the adrenaline in her pack of pubescent athletes. If politicians were elected on the basis of the content of what they said, there would never be landslide elections. They all hire equally wonderful speech writers. The successful politician is one who can state his opinion in a charismatic, powerful manner.

The study of the way sound, language and music affects the mind/brain is called *psychoacoustics*. **Acoustic Brain Research (ABR)**, in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, has developed a series of tapes based on psychoacoustic research which use both ancient and modern methods to alter brain states. They have been designed to help the listener with stress, relaxation, self-healing, learning, creativity, altered states, meditation and personal growth.

A typical ABR tape might use Mongolian, Pythagorean and harmonic chanting, conch shell horns, ocean sounds, birds and other earthy noises, which have been combined with newer methods that are designed to *entrain* the listener's brain into marching in synch with certain frequencies. EEG studies have shown that particular wave forms generated by the brain are associated with sleep (0.5-4 Hz, Delta), extensive visual imagery (4-8 Hz, Theta), relaxation and learning (8-12 Hz, Alpha), alertness (12-23 Hz, Beta) or sudden states of integration and clarity (33 Hz, K-complex - the "Ah-Ha!" reaction). Because these frequencies are below the

threshold for audible perception, past techniques to entrain the brain have included stimulating the skin with an electric current pulsing at the appropriate frequency, or looking into a strobe light.

ABR uses a neat trick to make the low frequencies perceptible on cassette. By piping an audible frequency of say, 440 cycles per second into one ear, and 447 cycles per second into the other, the brain performs some elementary subtraction and is left with a 7 Hz beat frequency. Another way they do it is to take a signal at say, 440 Hz and pulse it at 12 Hz.

ABR's decision to market their technology in the form of cassette tapes has a couple of advantages. Some brain machines are difficult to use in public or while traveling because they aren't portable, or they require eye goggles and electrodes. ABR research tapes can be used by anyone who has access to a walkman. Use them on an airplane, at home, at work during lunchtime, or anywhere you feel like entering a different state of consciousness. Also, other brain machines are sometimes expensive; cassette tapes are cheap.

The first night I tried an ABR tape I used the *Sound Meditation* tape, which is designed to energize the mind and body by a method developed by ancient neuroscientists who called it Kundalini yoga. Each portion of the tape can be used to illuminate specific Chak-

ras along the Kundalini serpent. Non-temporally located in your spine. (If you are turned off by mystical talk, simply omit the objectionable words and replace them with the terminology of modern neuroscientists, who are also mystics in the sense that they create and manipulate symbols in order to communicate observed phenomena and represent their own incomplete version of the ineffable reality of the nervous system)

While listening to the tape, I closed my eyes and soon felt as if I were no longer in my room, or anywhere else I had ever been. Powerful images of brightly painted carved masks and floating houses danced before me. My mind felt stilled and far away from the worries and problems that are usually operating in the background. After a while I opened my eyes. Staring at the ceiling, I experienced the curious effect of seeing the light intensity oscillate very slowly but quite markedly, as if my pupils were dialating and contracting involuntarily. A neat thing that happened that night - I had a slew of lucid dreams. I can't say for certain that the tapes caused the dreams, or any of the other feelings I had, but if they didn't, I'll certainly continue to use them for their powerful placebo effect. ●

(A catalog from ABR is available upon request by calling 1-800-736-3077 or writing to ABR, Dept. BB, 100 Europa Drive, Suite 430, Chapel Hill NC 27514.)

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Newton was horrified to discover that his pet shark, Alfie, had escaped from his aquarium & drowned.

ramsay



the ceiling and struck a woman in the head. The money was lodged in her hair. She must have been sleeping, because she didn't stir.

Beetlebrow bobbed his head up and down rapidly and snickered. He reached for another bill, wadded it up and shot it forward. It bumped off a girl's shoulder and fell in the aisle. The little girl leaned out of her seat and looked for whatever it was that hit her. She spotted the bill, grabbed it, and disappeared out of sight.

I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Excuse me, but is that money you're shooting with the rubber band?"

"Hunnerd dollar bill. I'm flyin' hunnerd dollar bills." He licked his lips rapidly between words, and his small squinting eyes burned into mine. He smiled, revealing an

unusually large set of bleached teeth.

"What do you think of that, mister? I'm flyin' that hunnerd dollar bill and it hit that lady inna head." He broke into a horsey laugh and punched me in the shoulder. It hurt.

"But that's a terrible waste of money," I said, as if I were explaining something to a child.

"No it aren't," he said, "because it aren't real." He peeled a bill from the stack. I studied it while he held it in front of my face. It looked like a normal hundred dollar bill, except for one thing: Instead of Ben Franklin's picture, it featured the face of Beetlebrow himself, showing off his big teeth.

"Phoney," he said, snapping the bill back in forth in front of my face. "Funny money. Get it?" He started laughing again and punched me in the shoulder, even



**Factsheet
Five**

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harder this time.

"Hey!" I protested.

"Don't get sore at me sonny-boy, or I won't give ya one of my hunnerd dollar bills." he held the wad up to my nose and rifled it. I pushed it out of the way with my hand.

"Stop it," I said. "You're bothering me."

"You started talkin' to me first, mister sonny boy. Now you're sore, and you aren't gettin' a hunnerd dollar bill. Not from me you aren't." He held the stack up to his chest protectively.

"I don't want any of your counterfeited money," I told him smugly. Now if you'll please just leave me alone, I have to get my things gathered. We are about to land."

"You aren't gettin' my money, no you aren't. I wouldn't give it to you, you got sore at me. If you weren't so sore, I might give you some. I'd let you fly one. You wanna?" He offered me his rubber band and the stack of money. I turned to him and looked at him straight in his tiny eyes. His little

round hairy head reminded me of a monkey's. I felt almost sorry for him.

"No thank you. I appreciate the offer, but no thank you." I tried to sound sincere. He looked at me for a second or two, then faced forward.

"Yep," he said, "you're still sore."

Rolling my eyes, I collected my briefcase and sweater from under the seat.

"Still sore at a little old man like me," he chuckled. "Little old me. You can't beat that," he said between peals of horse laughs, "You can't beat it with a stick." He punched me in the shoulder, this time so hard my arm went numb for a minute.

"If you do that one more time I'm going to report you to the police as soon as we touch down," I hissed. I rubbed my arm and glared at him as menacingly as I could. He turned away from me and grimly faced the front.

Once the plane landed and the

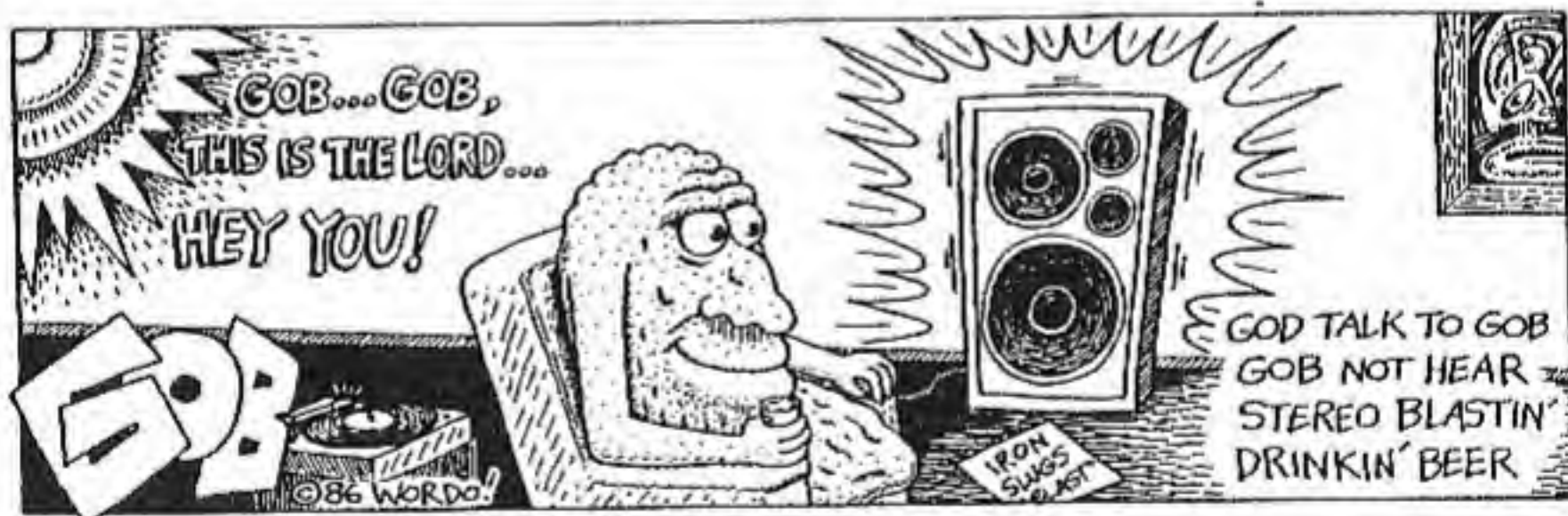
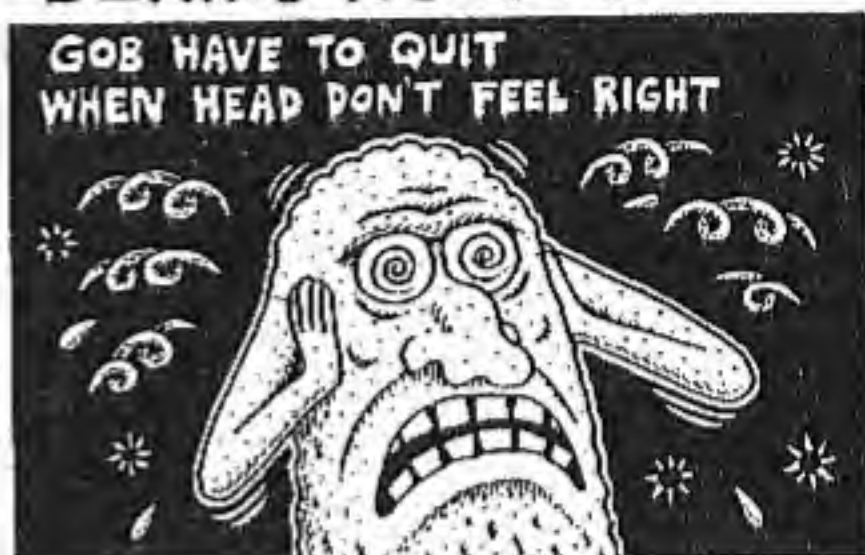
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GOOD CLEAN FUN



GOB

DENNIS WORDEN



passengers began to unload, I stood up to leave, but Beetlebrow wouldn't budge. He stuck his legs as far under the seat in front of him as he could.

"Excuse me," I said.

Beetlebrow stared straight ahead at the back of the seat in front of him. His little arms were folded across his chest. I spoke again, this time more sternly.

"Please get up so that I can get off the plane. I want to go home."

"Hmpf." Beetlebrow jutted his chin out.

"WILL YOU PLEASE MOVE," I nearly shouted.

"Not 'less you fly one of my hunnerd dollar bills." He patted the pocket that held his fake money. I felt myself beginning to tremble. I was at the point of losing it.

"I'd rather burn that stack of garbage. Now move!" And with that, I pushed my way past him into the aisle, knocking against his legs on the way. He jumped up immediately and followed me off the plane.

He walked at my side as I made my way down the hallway. He couldn't have been much more than four-and-a-half feet tall. Looking up at me he said:

"So you wanna burn my hunnerd dollar bills, aye?"

I tried to ignore him by picking up

the pace. He kept up with me, tiny legs a-pumping.

"You wanna burn 'em? Go ahead!"

I kept walking.

"All talk no action, he's a sissy, that's what sonny boy is!"

I stopped. Looked down.

"I'll burn them."

He looked a little surprised.

"You will?"

"There's an ashcan, let's go," I walk towards an unoccupied gate and stood over a large ashtray. Beetlebrow followed and stood beside me.

"Here's the money, smarty pants. Ninety-eight hunnerd dollar bills. He handed the thick wad over to me. I flipped through the deck. The picture of Beetlebrow smiled at me like an unmoving scene in a nightmarish flipbook. I was going to enjoy burning these.

"I got some matches here," Beetlebrow said. "And I got me some lighter fluid too in this bag. Hee hee! Snuck it on the plane in a little vodka bottle." He snorted with glee and handed me the matches and the bottle.

I threw the wad on the pile of sand, poured the entire contents of the bottle on it, and lit a match.

"Sure you don't wanna keep 'em? Good for flyin'," he chuckled.

I tossed the match on the concoction. Flames shot up instantly,

charring the curling Beetlebrow bills.

"You happy?" I said, not really caring to hear an answer. I started to walk away.

"Wait!" he cried, "Don't you wanna watch them burn all up into ash powder, sonny boy?"

"No." I kept on walking. He caught up with me and started chuckling again.

"You shoulda kept them," he said. I didn't answer.

"That's okay," he said. "I'm goin' home to make more." Suddenly, he increased his pace and zoomed ahead and away from me. I hoped it would be forever.

Finally outside and free of Beetlebrow, I took a deep breath and sighed. I scanned the loading zone for a taxi cab. I was looking forward to a nice hot bath and a long sleep. A cab was coming my way. I held my hand out to stop it, and when it did, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around savagely.

It was only an older woman holding a doggy-carrier. She jumped. A small terrier yapped at me through the wire mesh.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "Excuse me!"

"No, no," I stammered, "Please accept my apologies for frightening you. I thought you were somebody else. Do you need a taxi?"

"Yes I do," she said, regaining her

composure, "I need to get Napoleon back home as soon as possible. These little dogs have such fragile constitutions, you know." She held the cage up to her face and made kisses at the tiny beast inside.

I felt bad for scaring her.

"Please go right ahead, Ma'am," I said, holding the door open for her.

"Thank you so much young man," she said as she put the doggy-carrier in the seat and climbed in after it. Before she closed the door a sudden gust of wind blew and something flew from her hair. A Beetlebrow bill!

The taxi drove away and I ran after the bill. I don't know why, perhaps I thought it would be a good item to show the fellows at work when I told them about the strange little man who rode next to me on the plane. I didn't have too much trouble catching the crumpled up bill. When I had it in my hands, I carefully unwadded it. The eyes of Beetlebrow stared into mine. How in the heck could he make such realistic money? And why would he want to? I peered closely at the bill. If not for the picture, it could pass for real money. It was as if his picture were just a sticker that he'd affixed to a real one hundred dollar bill. I stared closer. And gulped.

Digging hard across the surface of the bill with my finger, I scraped away at the edge of the picture of Beetlebrow. It began to peel. ●

try the Graham Potentializer, a big blue bed that rotates horizontally in slow circles. First I had to pick out an audio tape. Most of them had subliminal messages, such as "Stop smoking," "Start dieting," and "Keep on smiling!" I picked out a generic meditation tape.

At the beginning I was fidgety and claustrophobic on the bed. The room I was in was small and dark, and the door was closed. I was hoping Carrie would come back in so we could chat a little bit longer. With the bed rotating I felt like I was riding a wave, and thought I would become nauseous. But then a strange thing happened. I began to relax. My mind finally let go and I wandered into a hypnogogic state until my 30 minutes were up. Later on that evening I felt charged and rejuvenated. Must have been those endorphins at work.

A couple of days later I went back to Bodymind

Connection and rented Innerquest, a portable machine with flashing goggles and headphones that has ten preset programs from which to choose, ranging from boosting your creativity, to energizing your mind, to putting you right into dreamland. I tried the sleeping program, and boy did I sleep. Days later I was still tired. I also tried the energizing program, but that put me to sleep too. Maybe I was still getting over the first program I tried. Before I returned the machine, I gave it one last shot with the creativity program, and that one gave me the energy that the last program promised! But energy was what I needed, so I was happy.

What I liked about the Innerquest more than its mental effects were the psychedelic patterns created in my head from the light emitting diodes flashing before my closed eyes. It was like looking through a kaleidoscope in space.

The fun hasn't stopped yet. The Brain Tuner is next on my list, and from there...well heck, as long as those toys are being produced I'll be there using and reusing them. ●

HEY!

A collection of Gene Mahoney's side-splitting comic strip, **GOOD CLEAN FUN**, can be yours for only one dollar. A sample of Gene's strip appears on page 36 of this magazine. Simply send one dollar to *Gene Mahoney, c/o the Daily Californian, 2150 Dwight Way, Berkeley, CA 94704.*

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E X C I T I N G

News

The results are in! An overwhelming majority of Americans surveyed in a recent poll said they'd prefer not to eat ocelot dandruff. Further, a sizeable percentage told interviewers that they doubted they would patronize any restaurant which served "ocelot dander omelettes" or other dishes containing dead skin cells from the wildcat. Those people surveyed who did express an affinity for ocelot dandruff were shot dead on the spot by pollsters.

Sitting on your roof and pretending to be a slovenly insect may not appeal to you at this time, but Dr. Doug Richards of *Cortexoid Incorporated* might be able to change your mind.

Dr. Richards has developed a complex procedure designed to take a normal, well-balanced individual, and transform him or her into an untidy person who wants nothing more than to live on rooftops and imitate a bug's behavior.

"The formula is something of a secret," the doctor told reporters, "but I'll tell you that it involves brain surgery, genetic engineering, hormone injections, and daily readings of the *Classics Illustrated* version of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*."

So far, no one has taken the doctor up on his offer. Richards claims that his fee of \$25,000 shouldn't be a deterrent for "a unique and

rewarding service." When asked why anyone would want to undergo a treatment that would make them a slatternly cricket or millipede, Richards angrily responded, "People are a sickeningly cowardly lot by nature, and I am therefore withdrawing my offer and moving to Micronesia to work in a kava-kava factory."

Thirteen year old Mike Kraztunka of Athens, Georgia has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for turning his parents in to the police after electronically monitoring their bedroom activities with a camera and microphone device he constructed from spare parts in his junior high school electronics lab. After hearing a lecture from an Athens police sergeant who visited his school to talk about the importance of law and order at home, Mike built his "super-bug" and observed what his parents were doing at night behind locked doors.

"It was really grotesque," the erudite lad said recently at a special presidential dinner in his honor. "First they smoked a marijuana cigarette and then they started doing things with each other that I know are illegal. I sure am glad I caught them when I did, before they got hooked on crack and started murdering babies and other grotesque stuff."

Mike's parents are at home on \$100,000 bail, awaiting trial. Mike has been turned over to the custody of the Social Services Department. ●

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